

COUNCILMAN QUINN RECALLS ONE MERRY XMAS EVE

Graphic Word Picture of Scene in Gilligan's Place Breaks Up Borough Council Meeting When Port Light Santee Realizes That Happy Days Are Past—Fellow Legislators Plot to Hold Secret Meetings to Stem Tide of Eloquence

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY.

THE exciting rumor was learned on the sly by ye scribe from a certain party, who don't wish to be quoted by name, just before the regular Friday night meeting of Borough Council was opened last night in our fine new Fire House, that there is now "on the tapis" a movement under foot which has now been taken well in hand by Councilman Luther Mickelman and other leading boroughites, to begin holding once every week also a special extra additional meeting of Borough Council in order to try to consummate some real borough business at Council meetings at same, borough business being now impossible to consummate at the regular Friday night Council meetings on account of Councilman Quinn's speeches.

Hon. Cornelius F. X. Quinn, our newest Councilman, who recently retired from his big contracting business and local politics in the metropolis, New York City, and moved here just in time to become registered here and run successfully for Borough Council, again took up all the regular Council meeting at Fire House last night with an eloquent speech on Christmas shopping and drinking. So the plan now is, "rumor has it," to call the proposed extra special Council meeting secretly every Wednesday night after prayer meeting at First Presbyterian, all Council quickly assembling in the room of the Junior Endeavorers of First Presbyterian straight after services Wednesday nights and "getting down to business," excepting Councilman Cornelius F. X. Quinn, is the plan, he not being affiliated with the Protestant sect and therefore probably absent.

Present at Council meeting in Fire House last night were all members except Councilman Thurlow Pfugg, he still being on the sick list with stomach trouble on account of his Saturday-to-Monday business trip to the metropolis, New York City, on secret business of our State Anti-Saloon League, and returning late Monday afternoon quite sick and washed out.

Hon. Quinn opened Council meeting last night by quoting at length from great classic orators and reading all of a speech by a man named, he said, Robert Emmet,

he, Councilman Quinn, then paying a tribute to Mr. Emmet until everybody began crowding Fire House with standees after the picture of "Whom Shall Condemn Her Fall?" the great picturization of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the De Urbervilles" at the Strand last night was let out, Councilman Quinn then advancing up to the platform beside Mayor Calvin Van Scoick and concluding in part to the big crowd from the picture as follows:

"And now, fellow boroughites," concluded Hon. Quinn, "I wish for to add only that during past days of the week repeatedly have I been implored by fellow boroughites of the highest intellectual capacity for to address you this night on the great sub—"

From Councilman Luther Mickelman, he rising excitedly: "Name them, brother, I demand!" shouted Councilman Mickelman. "Name one solitary, single member of this Borough Council that implored you to—"

"Slow and softer, Colleague Mickelman," said Hon. Quinn, speaking very neighborly. "Devil a member of Borough Council asked me for to address you. What I did say, Mickelman, quite distinctly, Mickelman—and mark you well the distinction, Mickelman!—was that I was asked for to speak by men of high intellectual capacity. Note that, Mickelman!"

"To resume. My philosophical meditations this night, friends, on the holiday season and its many trials now approaching apace takes into consideration not at all the season's great religious appurtenances. Let you and me, rather, consider only tonight the great holiday's modern pagan phases and manifested phenomena as demonstrated in indisputably increasing artificialities and quasi-frivolities.

"To the haggard shopper for gifts, friends, Santa is no public idol. True, if you gave children the vote—and you might just as well, seeing who now has the suffrage—Santa could run for Mayor of Milwaukee on the Prohibition tickets itself and win in a walk. But leave the vote only to the grown-ups and Santa would be snowed under, even were he to be the only candidate, let's say, pitted against Admiral Sims, let's say, in a campaign for Lord Mayor, let's say, of Cork.

"Buying gifts, eh? Why, only the other day it was, friends, that myself and the Hon. William H. Taft—and a fine, whole-

some man is Taft, friends, if I do say it who always voted against him consistently but only on principle—Taft and myself, friends, only the other day went to the great city and started out together for to do some Christmas shopping.

"I'll explain. Together we were entering a Fifth Avenue store, both broke and bent with this thing called holiday shopping, when says she excitedly in a whisper to me, 'Look you quick, Con, at the big man at your elbow,' says the wife. 'It's the ex-President!' says she. 'True for you, Kate,' says I. 'Woodrow in the flesh it is indeed, Kate,' says I, 'though looking more peaked, Kate, and sourlike than when I last—'

"Woodrow my eye, man!" says she. 'It's Taft, man alive—Taft, the ex-President!' Sure enough, she was right. And I put it to you, friends, if a man with the face of Taft can, by one forenoon of Christmas shopping, be changed to resemble the face of Woodrow Wil—"

From Councilman Applegate: "I rise, brother, to ask—if I am in order—what in time all this has to—"

"To ask, is it, if you are in order? A question, colleague, that is easy answered. You are not!"

"Friends, to resume. The nonsensicalities of late years, friends, have but added to the complication. Ah, friends, the days that were! The days that were!" concluded Councilman Quinn poetically, he now beginning all over emotionally on the way Christmas shopping was up to Prohibition.

"Back in the good days, friends, let it even be black midnight of a Christmas eve, friends, and you preparing for bed with one shoe off, and maybe you would cry out wild of a sudden in the night, 'Bless us and save us, Kate, but I clean forgot for to buy a gift for Deputy Commissioner of Water, Gas and Electricity Hughie Burns, of all people—and Hughie slated sure for to be our next Tax Appraiser, Kate! And the stores all long since closed at this hour and—"

"Soft! You remembered. Black though the hour of midnight, through the mercy of Heaven the corner liquor stores still were open!"

"Ah, kindly winked the window of light still in Gilligan's down at the corner. Friends, far, far back, it seems now—does it not, friends?—in dim ages of some other world ago since you had but to step into Gilligan's, or maybe the Dutchman's—"

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though it was Gilligan got the most of my trade in the big city, excepting for lager—and since you had but to push a path through the Christmas eve jam to a dry end of the bar, next the cigar case, and crook a finger at Timmie.

"Ah, the kindly warmth there, friends, and the smell of the sawdust on tiled floor underfoot — one foot — friends, and the bright lights and the friendship and laughter! And the rich, pungent smells too, friends—"

An unfortunate interruption was made here by Clarence Santee, the unfortunate public charge of this Borough, he lately having been taking the cure at the State institution at Trenton, but lately was released by promising Borough Mayor Calvin Van Scoick to try to do better, but it seems

like "Port Light," as the unfortunate is popularly known hereabouts, is back at his old tricks. Chief of Police Herb Longstreet had to take sharp measures with Port Light Santee last night and eject Mr. Santee from Fire House into N. Main on account of trying excitedly to climb up on the driver's seat of Chemical No. 1 above the heads of the crowd when Hon. Quinn began concluding about saloons.

"Ah, friends, as I was about for to say," resumed Hon. Quinn in conclusion after all standees came back into Fire House again after seeing Mr. Santee ejected, "the pungent smells of Gilligan's goods and the grand croon of sound that was the harmonious commingling of laughings and jestings and jostling good fun and the tinkle of glassware and the bells of cash

registers! The grand holiday trade, too, standing three deep in length of the liquor store counter—their parcels of holiday gifts for the loved ones, sitting up waiting for them in their homes piled high on the bar, friends, and coming untied, friends, and afloat, friends, on a bar, friends, that, despite all Timmie's wipings, run deep enough now for to chase bluefish the length of the mahogany.

"And permeating all the great joy, friends, was the grand presence of Gilligan himself—the pink jowls of him, the sprig of holly in his buttonhole, the neat dark pih striped suit of him, as thoughtfully and gracefully he leans his grand bulk against the end of the cigar case, exuding expensive cigar smoke and a great hearted friend ship that would go to any lengths for man kind—except cashing for you a check, friends, on the Standard Oil itself, friends, for more than two dollars.

"There, friends, had you the one kind of holiday shopping, of spending and buying, that was enjoyed—even by the Scotch themselves—the world over. From the picture of September Morn back of one end of the bar to the framed dollar bill at the other stood, like bottled jewels of far ind, that which, at the old standard price of fifteen a slug, or two for a quarter, brought warm to your heart the best of the whole world's far corners.

"A tilt of the bottle and you roamed the heather of Scotland, Harry Lauder himself singing now sweet in your bosom. A tilt of another and Kentucky was yours, with all its dewy mountains and the dew on the blue grass of the fair Southland. Or, to come nearer home, let the midnight winds blow so fierce out of doors that the holiday snows cannot hit the pavement, yet with a tilt of the bottle of apple—ah, bottled laughter, it was, of the fair peasant girls of Passaic—immediately again in your heart was it summer; for, like heat lightning's lacing our own Jersey skies, hot down the throat it gurgled and trickled, trickled and gurgled, the aroma of apple gliding down, down, down—"

A terrible hoarse scream broke the intense stillness of Fire House at this point, Clarence Santee being in again. It looked for a minute like there would be a panic when Port Light fell from the seat of Chemical No. 1 and grovelled and frothed on the floor, he having come in and climbed up on the new chemical engine unnoticed by everybody on account of the spotlight interest of everybody in Hon. Quinn's eloquence.

Mr. Santee was carried across N. Main to Applegate's Pharmacy, where he was treated by Dr. Wilbur Peters of Herbertsville, and it being now ten-o'clock, when order was restored after the intense excitement the other business of Borough Council had to be postponed to next Friday on account of Council adjourning.

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Our Doughboys on the Rhine Upholding Nation's Honor Finely

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full of marks and as long as the American doughboy accords them that brotherly respect which was never known in German barrack areas, they all look forward to the day when they will become real Americans by seeing the Statue of Liberty and putting their foot on American soil.

A few American soldiers bought their discharges in order to marry German girls and remain in Coblenz—for business purposes. But their business is chiefly with the American troops, and should these go they do not hesitate to predict that they will not be long in asking for their passports.

Many Have Investments

In Coblenz Industries

Some of the officers and even a few of the "bucks" have put some of their savings in shares in Coblenz stores and factories, and while the American authorities do not encourage this to the disadvantage of American banks the army's policy is to do nothing that will interfere with the development of thrift among its soldiers.

"Besides, we're at peace with Germany and the boys have a right to do as they please with their money, as long as they do not indulge in speculation, which we will not permit under any circumstances," a General Staff officer declared. "It's fairly certain, however, that the majority will invest their cash in something tangible, which can be taken back to the United States in the army transports at a low freight rate and which will be subject to no taxation, as would shares in German establishments."

But Gen. Allen's programme is not to make the occupation burdensome to the German residents. The American troops have implicit instructions regarding this, and while no insolence is brooked the Rhineland doughboy—save for a few inexperienced new arrivals who have not been taught their lesson thoroughly—never takes advantage of his authority.

Any Coblenz street at the hour schools are closing their doors will show the wisdom of this policy. Coblenz's youths are developing a spirit of Americanism strangely in contrast to the blatant Prussianism of the last generation. Groups of boys, 10 or 12 years old, will sing "I Want a Girl Like the Girl that Married Dear Old Dad" with all the lustiness of their Harlem counterparts, and when at the conclusion of some official ceremony the Coblenz headquarters band strikes up "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" it is not uncommon for youngsters on the outskirts of the crowd to take up the tune with a precision and accuracy which would make some American schools blush.

As for their elders, they have long ago learned that respect for America and its ways will alone win the friendship of these "big boys" in olive drab, and it is

now rare that a German fails to take off his hat when the Stars and Stripes passes at the head of some returning group.

Politically and socially, the role of the troops generally may be considered as a "moral policing" of the entire American area, and at the same time acting as a balance wheel to the methods which undoubtedly would be installed were the area to come under French supervision. For instance, it has long been the desire of certain French Generals to have a separate Rhineland republic, including the Palatinate and all of the allied bridgeheads. This might be worked out, but the American Army does not permit any revolutionary propaganda which would tend to incite disorder—whether it be directed from Berlin, Mayence or by Dr. Dorton, the Rhineland Separatist leader.

Therefore, to the great dismay of Dr. Dorton's friends, the idea as far as Coblenz is concerned is virtually impossible, and the first appearance of any considerable group of Dortonites, bent on seizing public buildings by force, would be the signal for calling out a sufficient number of armed Americans to take matters in hand.

"We are here to learn, as well as to teach others," Gen. Allen told THE NEW YORK HERALD's correspondent. "And as long as the American forces remain here it will be for the purpose of bettering themselves, of devoting every effort to making our army the model for others to follow."

Therefore, as the Rhineland service must be considered as a sort of schooling process, just a few words anent the remarkable

success of the Coblenz army schools will not be amiss. Probably the educational advantages offered account for the disinclination of our soldiers to spend their time and money in drinking bouts as did their predecessors.

To-day every one in the Coblenz army is studying something. Recruits who are classed as illiterates are compelled to spend a few hours each day in their unit school, where they are given an education equal to that of the first eight grades of an American school. Of course this is highly concentrated, all the froth is left out, but so satisfactory is the method that a class of sixty men who eight months ago were classed as illiterate—unable either to read or write their names and with no knowledge of elementary arithmetic—last week passed easily an examination such as would be given to candidates for admission to the average American high school.

Could Not Do as Well

In Camps in the States

"And that's another argument against taking these boys back home," commented one of the educational officers. "Once in an American camp all this system will be forgotten. The educational advantages there are very slight, and the soldier who tries to study seriously finds that his companions put many obstacles in his way. Take that corporal, for instance—pointing to a young railway engineer—he knows all about the practical operation of a transit and level, but he didn't know the 'why' of it all. Now he's studying geometry and probably is as well fitted for surveying operations as is

his Captain. Could that ever happen in the United States? And, besides, it's all without cost to the American Government, so the War Office can't howl about the expense.

"Throughout the companies of the Coblenz area this same complaint can be heard. 'No, sir, I don't want to go home yet. I haven't finished my course and want to be able to do something better when my time in the army is finished.'"

Nor is this schooling merely theoretical. The American forces have actually taken over two German railroad lines, short valley lines which the Germans have never operated at any considerable profit. These are now used as technical schools for the railway troops.

But strangest of all is the attitude of the Germans, who fairly plead with visiting Americans to use all their influence toward keeping the American troops in Coblenz. Their reasons are many, but the fundamental idea is that should the Americans go the French will arrive in double or treble strength—and even should the French occupation be continued on the same basis as the American, the spending power of the Frenchman is not equal to that of his American comrade in arms.

"If the American troops leave," said Herr Hohmann, owner of the great hotel bearing his name, "the storekeepers of Coblenz would have to shut their doors. Present prices are too high for Germans to think of paying, and it is only the support obtained from the American troops which has enabled many of our firms to keep their heads above water. Besides, they are orderly and friendly, and who knows what

might happen if another force came to take their places?"

Lieut. Becker, long with the German State Police and well known to the American authorities, has only good to say of the American troops. "They're the finest soldiers in the world. If Germany had trained her soldiers as America does, the war would have ended differently. After seeing other soldiers and comparing the American love for discipline and orderliness without cruelty, I can assure you Coblenz would regret their departure."

Herr Mayer Adolphs, a former officer of the Kaiser's Horse Guards, has also a word of praise for the American Rhinelanders and says: "To think of replacing Americans by our traditional foes, even though we are willing to work for friendship, would be disastrous for Coblenz. We have learned many lessons in our humility, but the greatest has been to appreciate that America knows how to treat a fallen enemy."

Herr Traxel is one of Coblenz's biggest fur merchants and has probably sold more sealskins for export to America since the mark slumped than in the three years since the armistice. He says: "America must not take her troops away until the economic life of the Rhineland is back to normal. If she does we would be left without any one to take up our interests before the world. No one in Coblenz objects to the presence of the American troops. They only interfere when they are justified in doing so, and we know that their decisions are just, although sometimes they seem stringent."

Insistent Our Troops Stay, Opinion of Business Men

Herr Tietz, whom rumor credits with having been pulled out of a bad hole when American subscriptions to his shares enabled him to restock his department stores, merely smiles when the American troops are mentioned and insists "Sie muessen hier bleiben" (They must remain here), while Herr Kraemer, director of the Hotel Hansa, before the war the headquarters for American travelling salesmen, frankly declares:

"The American occupation doesn't hurt any one. It has been a good thing for Coblenz, and we would be foolish to try to have it stopped at a time when Germany's financial situation is so bad. Of course if it were a question of all the allied troops going too—well, that would be another matter; but we feel that we're safer with Americans looking after us than with any of the other armies."

The same idea is contained in a statement by Herr August Wolff, one of the noted Kommerzienrats, or commercial advisers, in western Germany, and with representatives in Frankfurt, Mayence, Stuttgart, Bonn, Cologne and Dusseldorf.

"The American soldiers are fine fellows, with much the same way of seeing things as Germany would have seen them had the Kaiser not interfered with us," he said. "To-day the American army is the

only appeal the Rhineland has against the arrogance of the French occupation and the lack of interest which the British take in our welfare."

And, in conclusion, one of Coblenz's leading Rechtsanwalts, whose name cannot be mentioned, but who is daily in contact with the various interallied commissions, and who for many years has held high municipal offices in Coblenz, declared:

"To take the American troops away would give the French the chance they have long been seeking. They would send five men into Coblenz for every American taken away. They would quarter themselves in our homes instead of using the barracks, as do the Americans. We would have an economic revolt, deliberately fomented by the partisans of an autonomous Government, and this would perhaps spread until the whole of Germany would be again seething in revolution. As for the troops, it is sufficient to say that they have taught Germany a new meaning for the word 'respect' and Coblenz can be grateful for that if nothing else."

Fears a Great Blunder

If Troops Are Taken

There you have the problem which Washington must consider carefully if the greatest political blunder of the century is to be avoided. The American authorities apparently realize it: one of the highest in Coblenz told THE HERALD's investigator: "America spent millions and millions of dollars to bring her armies across the Atlantic to save Europe's future. We certainly do not want to take them away now, before that task is definitely accomplished, and then have to bring them back in a few years when the old hatreds and jealousies have again burst into flame."

Moreover, for the benefit of those who fear that the Red, White and Blue banner now floating above Ehrenbreitstein's fortress may be supplanted in the near future by the French Tricolor or the British Union Jack, THE NEW YORK HERALD is authorized to declare that even if the American forces should be reduced to 500 or even to 100 men Coblenz will continue to be their headquarters, and allied contingents, whether French or English, will not be allowed to encroach upon any of the territory embraced in the American bridgehead. This is the will of the army's officials, and while giving little satisfaction to the Allies, certainly will be gratifying to the Germans in the Coblenz zone.

If, however, the American participation is entirely withdrawn, then Gen. Degoutte will have a clear field for whatever operations he may deem necessary, operations which the Germans foresee as inevitably certain to cause dismay—and it is up to Washington to decide whether America's task is to be considered finished or whether America's soldiers, as a tacit evidence of America's potential force, are to be allowed to remain overseas in their adopted role of pacifiers of Europe's disturbing political and economic fears.

Sports play a large part in maintaining the morale of American troops in the Rhineland. Picture shows start of a sprint at one of the many field days near Coblenz.

